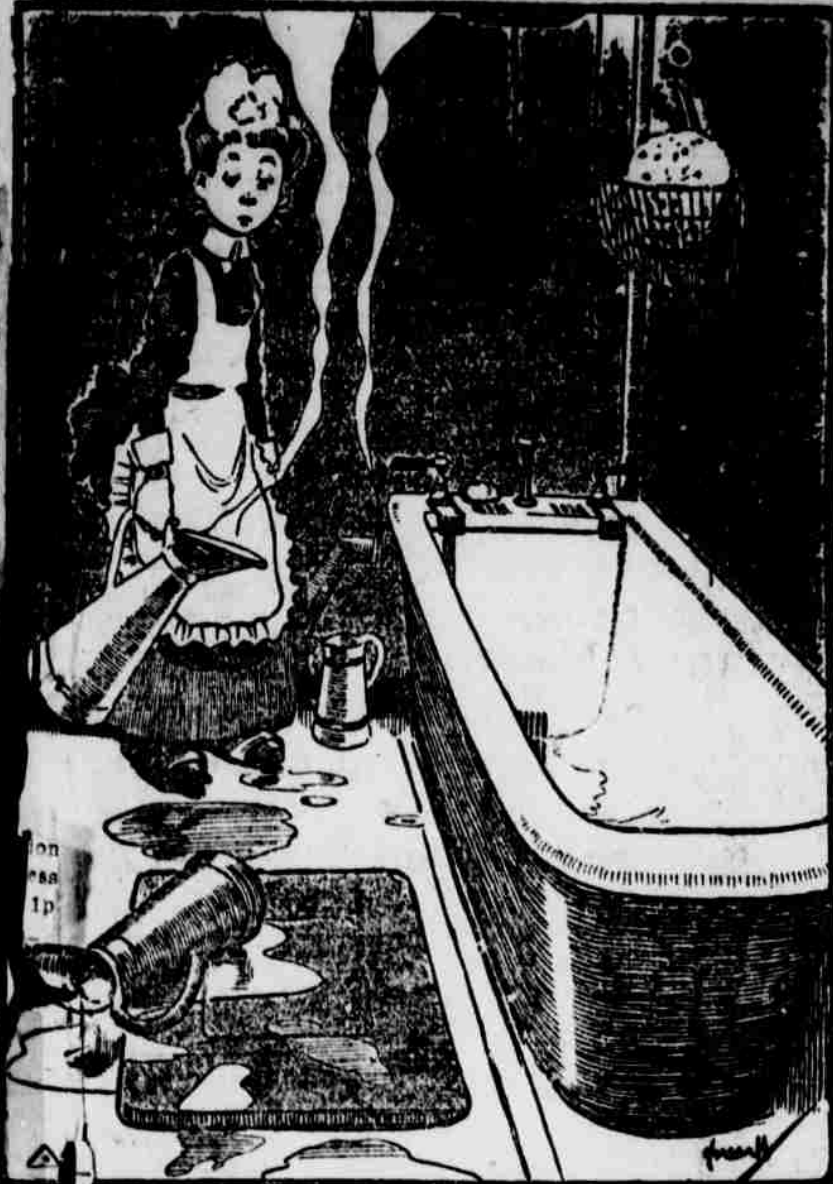


THE WASTE OF IT.



From Below (to girl from the country): "Is the bath ready yet?"  
"No, ma'am, I've poured in about fifty canfuls, but the bottom isn't."

THE SERPENTINE SMOKER.



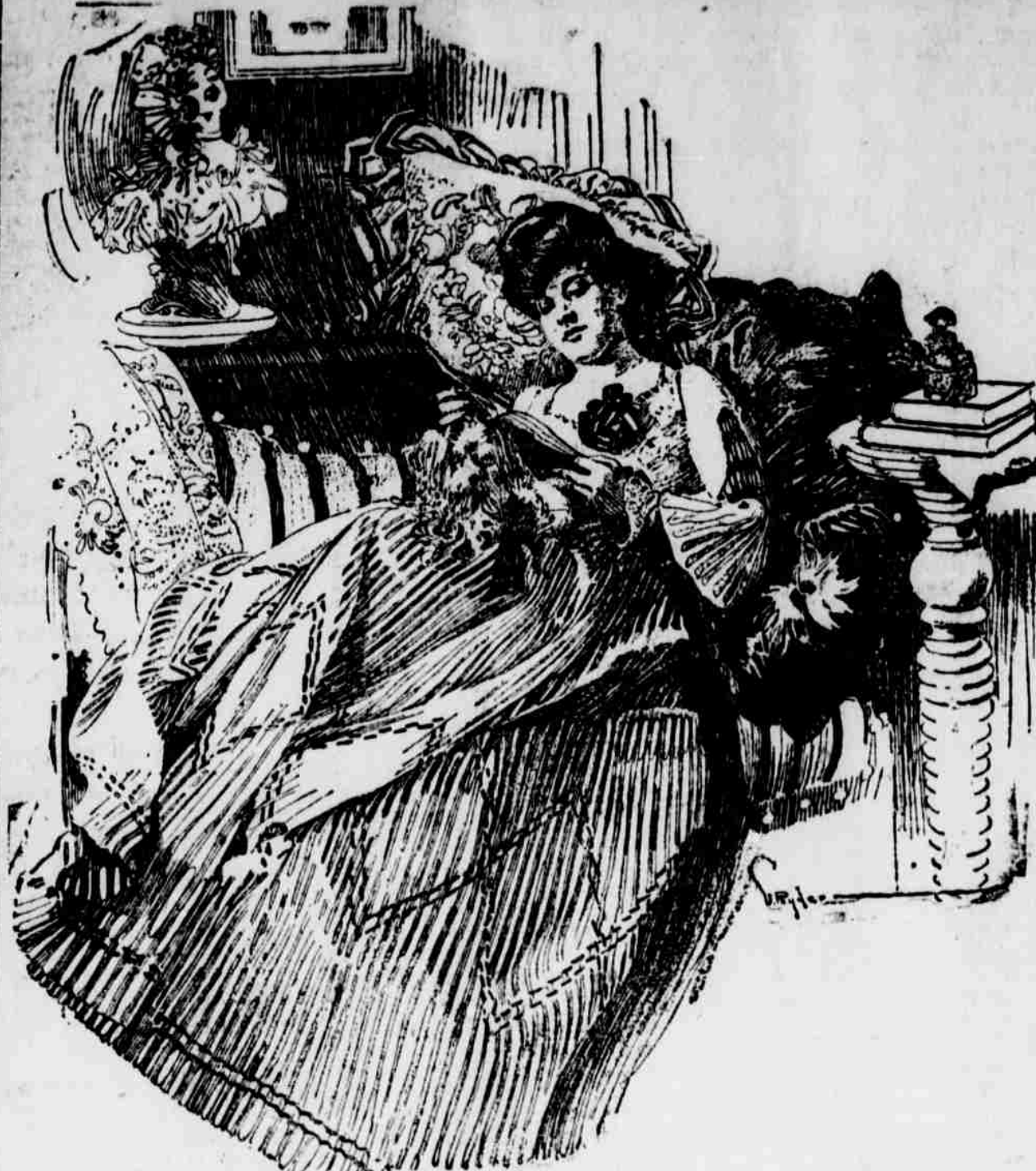
SOMETHING IMMINENT.



A RECORD BREAKER.



(Over (seemingly round): "Did I break record?"  
"Oh, yes. Fifteen breakages, four fractures and one concussion. That's a record."



MISS MABELLE GILMAN.

**Blue Eyed Babies.**  
It is a pity that all babies born with the prospect of being adopted out of an orphan asylum are not blessed with blue eyes. Most persons who wish to adopt children show a preference for the blue eyed variety.  
"They seem to think," said the matron of one such institution, "that blue eyes give promise of great intelligence, honesty and general stability of character. That is pretty hard on the youngsters with eyes of brown, black, gray or hazel. Undoubtedly those children will grow up to be just as worthy citizens as the blue eyed tots, but it is impossible to make most of the prospective parents-in-law believe so. They have been influenced by the arguments of certain half baked scientific writers who claim that all the virtues are found in blue eyes, and the dark eyed children, no matter what their parentage, suffer from the discrimination."—New York Sun.

**The Old Warming Pan.**  
"Yes, that is a fine specimen of the old brass warming pan," said an amateur collector of antiques, quoted by the Philadelphia Record, "but it hangs on the wall from this time on. It will not be brought into requisition for actual warming purposes again. It's too good." Then he added contemplatively: "My daughter thought it would renew the ancient flavor of things to put that warming pan to use. So on one of the coldest nights of the winter she filled the pan end with live coals, shut the lid and put the pan into one of the beds. In a little while the house was filled with smoke, which, on being traced to its origin, was found to come from the bed, which was afire. With a few olden time wood embers these warming pans were all right, but with live anthracite they simply overdo the job. We put out the fire, but, as I say, from this time on the warming pan hangs on the wall empty."

**Kneaded Earth.**  
Even old Piling wrote of "pisework," pronounced "pee-say-work." It was suggested by the building processes of the ants, and the durable walls made according to those wonderful architects of the insect tribe were called "formacoe." The method was well known to the ancients, and some of the oldest houses in the world today are of this construction. Rondolet writes of a chateau in the department of Ais, France, which he repaired in 1764: "It was at least 150 years old, and the walls had acquired a hardness and compactness equal to ordinary stone, so that in enlarging the windows and other apertures the workmen used the same tools as in a quarry." Pie is simply kneaded earth. What is Mexican adobe?—New York Press.

**Her Limit.**  
The old generation of Galloway lairds were a primitive and hospitable race, but their conviviality sometimes led to awkward occurrences. In former days, when roads were bad and wheeled vehicles almost unknown, an old laird was returning from a supper party with his lady mounted behind him on horseback. On crossing the river Urr at a ford at a point where it joins the sea the old lady dropped off, but was not missed until her husband reached his door, when, of course,

The good man prolongs his life. To be able to enjoy one's past life is to live twice.—Martial.

**A Hypothetical Question.**  
"Miss de Smythe," began the young man, "I want to ask you a hypothetical question."  
The girl nodded assent.  
"If a young man of good family and sound health and an assured income of \$5,000 were to meet the most charming of girls and feed her ice cream for a year; if she had a complexion like a rose, hair a crown of golden glory, the hand of a fairy, the bearing of a queen; if she knew how not to play the piano, was versed in cooking, competent to superintend a home, and if the young man, auspiciously catching the young girl alone, were to murmur into her ear of pearl, 'Will you marry me?' what, in your estimation, would be her condition of mind and what her answer?"  
"While not an expert alienist," responded the girl coyly, "I think she'd believe him a chump for being so slow, but she'd say 'Yes.'"  
With the preliminaries thus settled, the naming of the day was a simple matter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Bees Faster Than Pigeons.**  
It is not generally known that bees are swifter in flight than pigeons—that is, for short distances. Some years ago a pigeon fancier of Hamme, Westphalia, laid a wager that a dozen bees liberated three miles from their hive would reach home in less time than a dozen pigeons. The competitors were given wing at Rybern, a village nearly a league from Hamme, and the first bee reached the hive a quarter of a minute in advance of the first pigeon. Three other bees reached the goal before the second pigeon. The bees were also slightly handicapped, having been rolled in flour before starting for purpose of identification.



**Asked.**  
Sergeant Major—Now, then, young fellow, what blithering idiot told you to spread all this litter in front of the officers' quarters, eh?  
Stolid Private—The colonel!  
Sergeant Major—An' who might you be, may I ask, to call the colonel a blithering idiot?—Cassell's Journal.

**To Know Oneself.**  
How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never, only by action. In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? The demand of the hour.—Goethe.

**The Condition.**  
"Do you think you could be comfortable on \$10,000 a year?"  
"Yes, I believe I could if the people next door hadn't more than \$3,000 a year and my wife knew it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The greatest pleasure is the power to give it.

**"Ginger" of West Point.**  
The man who graduated at the foot of the class that year (1890) had been six years at the Point and had just squeezed through at last—Harold S. Borland, commonly known as Ginger on account of his hair being the exact color of ground ginger. Borland had distinguished himself while reciting to Captain Benton in ordnance by a remarkable answer to the question, "Mr. Borland, how many pieces will a twelve inch shell burst into?" the average number having been determined well by experiment. Ginger threw his eyes, unexpressive, but very blue, on the floor and deliberated awhile. Then slowly lifting them to a point near the ceiling over Captain Benton's head, still deeply reflecting, he finally responded, "Not less than two."—General Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

**Force Exerted by the Heart.**  
The force exerted by the heart equals 120 tons lifted one foot. In other words, the work of the heart is equivalent to raising its own weight 20,000 feet in one hour. A strong man can raise himself but 1,600 feet in an hour. This enormous force, if exerted by the heart through a fixed rigid pipe, would shoot the blood along with each jerk at a rate of 200 feet a second. However, the arteries, being elastic, are distended by the jerk or beat of the heart, and when the heart pauses after the beat the contraction of the arteries sends the blood along in a steady non-intermittent flow, which averages about one foot a second.

**Patmore's Wit.**  
In the early days of the Franco-Prussian war the Emperor William was in the habit of sending telegrams of a somewhat religious character to the queen. The late Coventry Patmore, the English poet, hit this off in the following skit:  
By will divine, my dear Augusta,  
We've gained a battle—such a buster!  
Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below,  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

**Why He Balked.**  
Mrs. Shortcommons—Have some more of the lamb, Mr. Wisenham. Mr. Wisenham—No, I can't bear to eat it. It was somebody's pet lamb once. Mrs. Shortcommons—How do you know? Mr. Wisenham—Because they must have waited years and years before they had the heart to kill it.—Cleveland Leader.

**A Diplomat.**  
"I say, father," queried little Johnny, "what's a diplomat?"  
"A diplomat, my son," replied the old man, "is a person who doesn't mean what he means others to think he means."

**A Dampier.**  
Marion—I showed papa those verses you wrote me, and he seemed pleased. Harry—He did? Marion—Yes. He said he was so glad to see you were not a poet.

**So Sudden.**  
Carson—Would you like to own a puppy, Miss Cecelia? Cecelia—Oh Mr. Carson, this is so sudden—Young's Magazine.

**A Similarity.**  
Star Boarder—There's something wrong with the coffee. Boarding Mistress—Yes, it's like you—slow about settling.

A HARD KNOCK.



Mr. Borom: "She asked me to sing and insalated upon encore after encore."  
Miss Peppers: "Yes; she told me afterward that anything was better than sitting there and talking to you all the evening."

HIS ANCESTRAL TREE.



"Yesterday I was looking up my ancestral tree"—  
"Did they throw any nuts?"

ABSENTMINDED.



The Camel: "Well, I didn't notice passing that island."  
SLIGHTLY TWISTED.



"That sign may be all right, but I would hate to wash the feller's stockin's that wears them boots."

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